### ONLY A BRAKEMAN.

Awful the shock when the engines met; All was terror, confusion, din; None who saw it will e'er forget The picture that daylight ushered in.

Shattered fragments of iron and steel. Splintered wood and battered brass Mingled with broken rod and wheel

And some one's blood stained the wayside

Some one's body, all crushed and torn, Covered with wounds, bereft of breath, Was found 'neath the wreck; the jacket

Told how a brakeman had met his death. Some one wept when the news was borne, Some one mourned o'er the mangled dead, In line of duty from some one torn-Yet "only a brakeman," the papers said.

Sadly they buried him 'neath the sod, Then took the crape from the cottage door:

ver a grave the roses nod-The grave of a brakeman whose run is -W. H. T. Shade.



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### CHAPTER III .- CONTINUED.

Of the younger lady I had never heard, mor, after my fleeting glimpse of her, could I make myself believe that her nature was tainted. Scammell was the official guard of the two for the trip, which accounted for the dragoon being at sea, and, according to the doctor, he had become deeply enamored of his younger charge, the fair Gertrude King. Doubtless it was a desire to cover himself with glory and dazzle the eyes of his love which had led him to take a hand in boarding the Phantom, but I gave over interest in the whole matter by the time the boat seached its destination.

The half-slewed Irishman made but hasty work with Lounsbury. The unconscious man had been removed to the cabin, and lay in my berth with eyes fast closed, still breathing like a pump. The doctor looked at him frowningly, felt of his head and pulse with a careless air, and then gave his diag-

"Flip a sovereign, cap'n, and bet on its fall, and ye will have as good a notion of how the case will turn out as myself. There's no knowing at all what the man will come to. He has had the devil's own shock. 'Tis concussion and mayhap fracture, mayhap tructural lesion of the brain. Who knows? He may die, he may live, but he'll be a bit fashed in his wits if he pulls through, and ne'er the lad he was. What's one dead rebel more or less? Let him lie and take chances. Have you a drap o' potheen to say good night on? I'm off."

I felt like kicking the man for his heart-Jessness, but gave him a drink and saw him start 2 for his own craft; then, getting the crew together, I set them to work, and in short order we were under way.

The surgeon's words had not tended to depress me. The passion possessing me when I struck my mate had passed away, and if he would live and remain "fashed" which I had been forced I would pray for bis final recovery.

It was an easy matter to sail for New York. As the schooner now bore, wing on wing, that port lay fair off the end of the jib boom. The Sprite sailed something less than half a mile on our larboard beam, and thus we went for hours, each holding her own. In the early light of the following morn the wind suddenly lightened, then shifted to the north, and by the time I had made Sandy Hook, where the bulk of Howe's fleet lay waiting the arrival of the British army, the Sprite was some miles to windward.

I had forgotten the race. The sick man had most of my time and attention, for he had taken to raving, and was finally lashed to his bunk. His speech was but an uncouth mouthing of words that meant nothing, and when at last, in the lower bay, the schooner was formally taken possession of, I passed the care of him to others, and began to look sharply to my own affairs.

It was two days after the mess on the Phantom before we dropped anchor off the city, coming to a final rest near the upper limb of the bight of the small bay below Corlears Hook, on the Sound river (East

There had been more than a little fuss and many questions put by the authorities before I stepped ashore. Answers, too, were given, which might have been picked full of holes had suspicions arisen in the minds of the reigning powers; but owing to the disorder due to the retreat of Clinton from Philadelphia, and the arrival of his army, which had now boarded the fleet at Sanay Hook, confusion ran riot in all branches of government, and saved me from much fine

There had never been a moment when I could have gotten at the gold in the cabin without exciting suspicion. In fact, I had but little time to study the papers I had appropriated and still had on my person; and now, well-nigh destitute from want of cash, I had the misery of seeing the king's broad arrow painted on the bows of the Phantom and of finding myself turned ashore.

I was not greatly troubled by my lack of ready money. I held indorsement documents for a claim on my own ship for prize money for capturing her, and could easily turn it into gold by allowing a liberal discount; but it went to my heart to see the broad arrow (which marks the king's property), and know the craft was, by hook or by crook, a prize in possession of the enercy.

But if my comparative poverty caused me no great uneasiness, I was worried over the fact that I had two living witnesses against me, one of whom, the negro, was capable of damning me with his evidence could he but obtain the ear of an official. It struck me forcibly, too, that I was fairly within the enemy's lines and under a false name and character. It were one thing had I been caught at acting a part on the high seas and on my own schooner, but quite another to be discovered under the existing circumstances. The first could have made me a prisoner of war at most; the second would damn me as a spy, and give me short shift to the next

world by means of a rope. At that time it might have been possible for me to have left New York and gotten on my way homeward. But it did not happen to lie in my blood to turn up with the port of having forfeited everything save With a weakling it would erty and life. re passed; with me 'twould look as though had thrown away all for the sake of lightng my heels, and would likely injure my

Aside from this, there lay hidden close at | yellow above the height of Brookland (now hand £500, and none, save Lounsbury, had Brooklyn). fathomed the secret. It was my all, barring the schooner, though that was not a total loss, as the admiralty papers in my pocket bore witness. No man willingly foregoes two thousand four hundred'and odd dollars in gold rightfully his own, unless he be a coward; and that, I maintain, I am not. And so by my fortune I determined to stand until it should be sunk, blown up, or other wise lost.

There was more than this pecuniary interest which sealed my determination to stay where I was for a space and risk the future. And that-the war.

Lest my reader think I had been a laggard than two and a half years, let it be known both afield and afloat; noticeably in the whaleboat warfare on the coast.

wish he had stayed in Merry England (uness he was at once set past wishing), and relped dig a mighty hole in the king's exchequer by destroying his property. that was in the past, and runs not with this

I could illy abide the discipline of the army, though with the patriots discipline was but a trifle more than a name. It suited me best to be my own master and fight in my wn way (not that I quarrel with the mode of another man, and armies are necessary), and never would I have more than earned rations had I stood in the ranks and moved forward or backward on the word of com-

Determined then not to run, it took me but a short time to conceive that in my present position I could well serve the great cause which to no man was dearer than to me. Washington, I knew, had few agents within the lines of the city, and these I might never hope to know, they, like myself, being hooded under the mask of toryism.

This last fact was a hitch. I might become storehouse -a very mine of information on the strength, weakness and contemplated movements of the enemy, but be without the means of unloading my knowledge. To force way through the lines was to take one's life in one's hand with small chances of keeping it, and this would become necessary in my case, for on a close examination of Lounsbury's papers I found nothing in the shape of a pass save an old one signed by Gen. Howe, which had opened a way out of Philadelphia

The rest of the documents proved to be of no value to me, as they related to matters concerning the kidnaping of some unnamed party in Norfolk and an investigation with a view of British occupation of that unimpor-

From the moment I had found these papers until my landing I had given no thought to the future, my first business having been to provide for my own safety. This now being accomplished (for the present, at least), I fixed matters to my taste in this wise: I would become a spy (a fair name in a good cause), and as a rampant tory, half freebooter and half swashbuckler (as because the character of the man into whose shoes ? had stepped), I would peer and prv. and, when finally loaded sufficiently to warrant it, go to Clinton and, on the plea of past services and in the name of Lounsbury, demand a pass through the lines.

I would not turn my back on this fair prospect and become a common soldier. Nay, like Lounsbury himself (who was now lying somewhere in the city), I had been a free lance, and a free-lance I would continue to

Difficulties and obstacles were forever obtruding themselves in my mind. The danger I put aside, for war being no pastime I must incur danger in any active hostility or sit at home and play the boy. Both duty and self-interest demanded my standing where the force of circumstances had placed me, and I hailed my determination with grim joy. Three years agone I was a col onist-which had been a small matter-but since the Declaration I had been an American, a title to be proud of, and now, though not in the field, I would prove worthy of the name.

### CHAPTER IV. NEW YORK IN 1778.

New York at this period was a scene of

The fear of the French, which had occasioned the evacuation of Philadelphia. had brought a horde of 12,000 soldiers to be set down among 5,000 others, where but scant reparations had been made to receive them. What with the smart of the lashing administered by Washington at Monmouth on their march across New Jersey, the weakness of Howe's fleet, the fear of a sudden movement on the city by the Americans, and the intense heat of the weather, the army was in a state bordering on panic.

It was an army, too, that through rank and file had been demoralized by inactivity and debauch, and nothing could have been more apt or prophetic than the remark made by Franklin when it became known to him that the Delaware had been opened by Howe: "Philadelphia has succumbed to the British, but they in turn will succumb to Philadelphia.'

It had been even so, but the effect had become apparent in New York. The civil law had long been prostrate; the military authority lax. Now the British were waking in the condition of a man after a night's dissipation, battling with a muddled brain, and feeling the internal economy fairly out of gear. Fraud, fear and incompetence reigned in every branch of the service, and betwixt fire, vandalism and the necessities of war, New York, which had never known and was never to know the dignity of battle, suffered as no besieged city could suffer more.

All this suited my purpose, as well as directly favored my interest. The influx of a host of newcomers saved me from being rominent as a stranger, and the extra preparations for the defense of the town, to gether with the knowledge that the French were at last upon the sea, diverted attention from small naval ventures.

I had feared the Phantom would be immediately refitted and armed for sound or river cruising, and was mightily pleased to have the days go by and see her, as the saying goes, "taking root to the bottom." Never did the sun set without my having

a look at her swinging at her anchor. She lay off the half-deserted shipyard, which became a favorite haunt of mine when I tired of the mask I wore and wished to ease into my true self.

And there I would walk up and down. and each day watch the growth of the muck that had fouled her cable on the ebb and flow of the tide. She had not even been dismantled, and, for aught I could see, was without a guard save at night; but to have gone out to her and worked upon the cabin bulkhead would have been impossible. The boat from her larboard davits had been taken away, but the dingey still hung over the stern, as tantalizing as a cup of water

just beyond the reach of a thirsting man. A sweet sight (but a melancholy one) the schooner made to me as she swung on the broad river well from land, the fair light of an evening over her, mellowing her lines and diminishing the rustiness of her sides. Beand her was the bald work of Fort Sterling

Off Wall street lay many of Howe's fleet, though the largest number was posted south of Nuttens island (Governors island), in readiness to oppose the French, who were daily expected.

But in the fair harmony of sky and land and water there was one discordant note. The horrible hulk of the Jersey, within easy scope of the eye, was directly opposite, and more than once did I see her unload her dead, and could almost hear the cry of 'Down, ye rebels, down!" as the patriot prisoners were driven below at sunset. Excepting in the shipyard and through

the sparsely built district lying betwixt the in the conflict which had now been on better | line of fortifications and the city proper on the westward side of the island, there was that I had been active against the enemy, scarcely a rood of land to which I could flee and not come in contact with the evidence of war. The quiet desolation or barrenness I had made more than one lobster-back of the former and the broad, green meadows, the song of birds, the harmonious hush of nature and calmness of the evening skies at the latter point were in marked contrast with the hell lying close at hand. Had the devil come on earth in his proper person, as some poet has made him out to have done. and landed in New York, he would have rubbed his hands and switched his barbed tail in glee at the work of his emissaries who were serving him as but few so-called Christians serve the Almighty.

Barefaced inhumanity stalked before society and caused a laugh. Cruelty had become a pastime. Domesticity was dead. Robbery seemed set to the music of a popular song, so universal it became, nor was it confined to the confiscation of property belonging to patriots. An uninitiated stranger would have found some difficulty in determining whether this brilliant assemblage was exerting itself as much toward suppressing a rebellious people as it was in making war on the king's treasury.

There may have been honest men in New York during the summer of 1778, but as yet I had failed to strike them. Every one with whom I had to do was a gambler, a thief, or drunkard-frequently all three-and I dare swear that, were the truth known, one term or the other applied to the whole army, from Sir Henry Clinton to the last subaltern, and from the bowelless villain of a provost marshal, Cunningham, to the lowest besotted turnkey under his thumb.

New York had ceased to be a town. It was nothing more than a fortified camp, in which neither justice nor mercy might be found. Morally, it had become a vast, open sore, spreading its corruption beyond itself. Virtue was a weight on man and woman (I speak but of the rule), and power the only recognized right. I was mightily depressed at this time.

Seasoned though I was, I shrank from life as I saw it, and sickened of those into whose company my policy forced me. In fact, I might have made a shift to get myself from this sink of heartless depravity, only my gold still swung at the end of a cable within pistol shot of the shore, and none knew it.

Many a night had I lain awake hatching schemes to get aboard and recover it, but hey were worse than foolhardy, as I knew after a second thinking, so I took it out in watching and biding my time.

As the days sped, I had little or no fear for myself. Lounsbury was probably well



Taking root to the bottom

under ground by this, for I had heard nothing of him, and if the negro was a prisoner in a hulk he might as well have been in a tomb.

Of what was taking place in the world outside I knew nothing save from rumor, and numor oft contradicted itself. The only report seemingly sure was that Washington had sat himself down on the Hudson just north of the Harlem (the very spot from which he had been driven two years before), and was there awaiting the arrival of the French fleet in order to strike a blow. And there he remained inactive, for the French did arrive early in July, and, finding Howe's fleet drawn up to receive them, but peered into the bay, and then turned tail and sped away to Newport on the fruitless mission of blockading that port.

In the seemingly open yet wholly secret life I led I made many friends-mostly pot house companions-to whom I listened but spoke little, fearing to be recognized as an impostor. I kept both ears and eyes on the alert the while, fighting shy of broils, yet holding the respect of the roughest of the camp offscouring, owing to my size and apparent strength. I even dared make a man of the lower defenses of the city; but it was so disguised, so crossed, and recrossed in a manner clear only to myself that I would have trusted it to the eye of any of them without fear of their coming by its true nature.

This I did not to be idle, for nothing happened in the way of military movement, or even threatened to, for some weeks after my arrival. By then I was practically a prisoner, for without a pass and a clear statement of business I could not have gotten beyond the lines, which now extended across the island from the heights of Corlears Hook to the Hudson (on about the general line of

the present Grand street). My wound healed in the space of two or three weeks, but still I kept the arm in a sling, using it in privacy that the muscles might not weaken or stiffen from lack of exercise. The sling saved me from many awkward questions, for when asked why l did not join the army or apply for a berth in the fleet, I had but to point to it, gently moving the limb, and say: "All in good time," adding for weight that I had no call to further serve his majesty until he paid me the money I had already earned.

But for the arm, backed perhaps by the way my muscle filled out my coat sleeve, l would have been pressed into the service whether or not, and the sling being a safeguard I let it bide.

I had taken quarters in the tavern of the "King's Arms," on King street (now Pine street), near the Broadway, making terms on credit, an easy matter with my prize-money claim in my pocket. 'Twas the gathering place for tories of the better sort, and but little affected by the military, the dashing element of which favored Fraunce's, or Broad street.

But my time was not spent here. 'Twas the "Bull's Head," on the Bowery Lane (on the site of the old Bowery theater). and (built and deserted unharmed by the patriots two years before), standing clear and the most of me.

The spot was but a step fram hades, but | JOHN B. CASTLEMAN. a great place for much coming and going and hearing the news; and then 'twas near the shipyard off which lay the Phantom. Never a day passed without one broil, and often two or three, most of them ending in more or less bloodshed, and one of them put a

stop to the life I was then leading. I mind me it was on a cloudy Saturday forenoon early in August, though through the wet in the air and the veiled heat every pore oozed as if one had raced. There had been but few about. I was half dozing under a locust in the tavern yard when I be came conscious that two men had but just settled themselves at a small table near me and was thoroughly wakened by hearing the name of "Scammell" in connection with some matter they had been discussing.

One was a boyish-looking naval officer, seated with his face toward me, the other being in a dress a cross betwixt a soldier and a civilian. Like the officer, he wore a sword, but I could see no more of him than the broad of his back.

Using but the tail of my eye, I marked them begin a game of cards for stakes, for I could hear the clash of coin, and after a hand or two he of the back spoke.

"Does Clinton know the man?" "Nay, but he knows of him and what he has done," was the answer. "I was told last night that he has been about. There's omething afoot outside, and he'll be need 'Tis a wonder he has not turned up for another job; Clinton is liberal with the king's cash! I'll give you a pound to find

There was silence for a moment or two as the officer drew in a stake and dealt the eards.

"I wish I could get fingers on this same king's cash!" the unknown remarked. "Card-playing for shillings is small truck for a man, and ye have had all the luck. Could I pass myself off, d'ye think, an' do the work instead o' the chap yer after?"

"Nay, you're no sailor, and have but a shady record for pluck."

"Then 'tis a sailor you want! As for shades an' records, 'tis but a case o' the pot an' kettle! It's the way ye naval chaps have of robbing a man of an honest living! Now I've lost time with ye because I fancied I scented cash. All last night I won nothing save a sore head for this morning. ome! ye but stave me off from the job Play, then, for something save shillings and crowns an' thin wine. I'm sick of it. I'll ay ye the pound ye offered on the better o' three hands, an' then quit, win or lose."

"God knows I'm willing to quit!" was the return. "I've played all night and am fagged. I'll play you the pound for the And the officer yawned as he tossed the cards to his opponent.

Now I knew this to be nothing less than the trick of a blackleg. To lose on shillings and win on pounds was a common practice with them, as it is to this day. The officer must have been green not to have seen through it, but I had little sympathy for anyone wearing the scarlet, and, in truth, was interested in seeing how the game would be played and possibly hearing nore of Scamme

Doubtless I had been taken for a drunken drover as I sat with my chin on my chest and my chair tilted against the tree; anyway, they gave me no notice.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### NOT SO STUPID.

The Old Man Had a Good Reason for Telling the Traveler to Walk On.

It was an old man in Sweden who gave to a stranger an answer that was wiser than it appeared. The stranger, ne of a prospecting party searching for gold, had wandered away from the rest, to find himself at last with a fair rest, to find himself at last with a fair piece of quartz as a reward for his pains, in a region he knew nothing of, with no guide, and night coming on.

"Friend," he asked of an old man smoking in his doorway, "how long will it take me to walk to the next town?"

The old man eyed the speaker quizzically.

"Walk on," he said, with a wave of his hand in the right direction. "Yes, I know which road; but how

long will it take me to walk there?" asked the stranger again. "Walk on," repeated the smoker, stol-

"But can't you tell me how long it will take me to reach the town?" persisted the other, impatiently.

"Walk on," a third time directed the old man, and the stranger did walk on, inwardly anathematizing the stupidity of the smoker.

"Young man," called the resident, when the stranger had gone a few

He turned impatiently. "I just wanted to tell you, that if you

keep up that gait you'll get there in half an hour." "Why couldn't you say so before?

demanded the stranger, hotly. The old man removed the pipe from his mouth, blew a volume of smoke skyward, and answered coolly:

"How did I know how fast you could walk?"-Short Stories.

#### Circumstances Alter Cases. Lady (excitedly)-Have you filed my application for a divorce yet? Lawyer-No, madam; but I am at

work on the papers now. Lady-Thank fortune, I am not too late. Destroy all papers and evidence at once, please.

Lawyer-A reconciliation has been brought about between you and your husband, I infer?

Lady-Gracious, no! He was run over and killed by a freight train this morning, and I want to retain you in my suit against the company for damages.-Chicago Daily News.

More Than Equals It. "What can equal the warmth of a true woman's love?" asked the dearest girl. "Her temper," replied the savage

Next Thing to It. "Your husband doesn't smake, Mrs Price?"

Wicks-I never observed that Browne

had to be driven .- Somstville Journal.

bachelor.-Tit-Bits.

drove Browne to drink?

"No; but he sometimes fumes."-Chicago Record. No Compulsion. Hicks-What was it, anyway, that

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